THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, October* 24, 1807. [No. 17.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

(*Continued from page* 253.)

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Exprest his wish, with visage sad;
"Ah why," he cried, "in Satan's waste,
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"In *Yankee land* there stands a town,
"*Where learning may be purchased low;*
"Exchange his blanket for a gown,
"And let the lad to college go."

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shallum's tricks with joy,
To *Harvard Hall*, o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-coloured boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a sheaf, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermillion dy'd,
Himself did from a turkey win.

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow ev'ry night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,

His private life was adorned with all the virtues and all the charities. He loved his family, for he was the best of husbands and of parents. HE LOVED HIS KING, HIS KINDRED, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS GOD If he had one failing, it was too great a diffidence of his own abilities. In him the country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the army one of its choicest flowers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ode to the Genius of French Republicanism is stale. The painted galley of the great nation has run aground and struck her colours to a pirate from Corsica.

Though lovely *Stael* and lovelier *Stone*
Have worked their fingers to the bone
And cut their *petticoats* to rags
To make her bright *three colour'd flags.*

"Laura" is not so cold as her namesake, whom PETRARCH loved so Platonically. Our American Lady with the liquid name is, in the language of a well known ballad

One whose soul is formed for bliss,
Who loves to bill, to coo, and kiss,
And cannot tell what harm it is
To save a swain from dying.

"Paulo" is too indelicate.

The Memoirs of Cowper have appeared before.

The brain of "Clara" is addled by reading romances.

Let our correspondent X be cheered in that noble course which he seems to pursue with some despondency by remembering the victorious industry of Erasmus. In Erasmus we behold a man, who in the days of his youth, lying under no small disadvantages of birth and education, depressed by poverty, friendless and unsupported, or very slenderly supported, MADE HIS WAY THROUGH ALL THESE OBSTACLES, and, by the help of *bright parts and constant application*, became one of the greatest scholars of the age, and acquired the favour and protection of princes, nobles, and prelates, of the greatest names in Church and State.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS TO THE POLAR STAR.

By Lucas George.

Star of the north, how oft have I alone
In midnight walks adored thy golden throne,
Remote from vulgar fires thou dost retain,
Thy sphere forever in the starry plain.
Hailed by the wretch who wanders wide alone,
Thou art his guide, when all his guides are gone:
Whether o'er sandy wilderness he goes,
Strays thro' some wood, or mounts the polar snows;
Or, when the needle fails his course to keep,
Still led by thee, he ploughs the gloomy deep,
While other stars disperse their radiance round,
Fixed to the Pole thy faithful light is found,
True to this globe thou dost forever shine,
Emblem of love, and constancy divine.

MERRIMENT.

When marshal Tallard was riding with the duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "my lord duke," said he, "you have beaten today the best troops in the world." "I hope," said the duke, you except those who had the honour of beating them."

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

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O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow ev'ry night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,

And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the Muses, twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he conn'd their grammar rules—
An Indian savage so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in *law* excel,
Some said in *physick* he would shine;
And one, who knew him passing well,
Beheld, in him, a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by
To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he'd walk, he'd run.

No mystick wonders fir'd his mind;
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd;
The dewy lawn his morning dream
In Fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

"And why (he cry'd) did I forsake
"My native woods for gloomy walls!
"The silver brook, the limpid lake,
"For musty books and college halls!

"A little could my wants supply:
"Can wealth and honour give me more?
"Or will the sylvan god deny
"The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
"And Heaven's sublimest mansions see;
"I only bow to NATURE'S GOD,
"The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
"Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
"Do planets in their orbits fly?
"And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

"Let planets still their *course* pursue,
"And comets to the CENTRE run;
"In him my faithful friend I view,
"The image of my God—the SUN.

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
"And mingled laurel never fades,
"My heart is fix'd;—and I must go
"To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharg'd, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings)
The native of the forest went.

Freneau very seldom attuned his lyre to love, and in his works we find none of those "fabled tortures, quaint and tame," so common in the writings of the amatory poets. The following stanzas conclude an address, in a seaman's phrase, to a "scornful lady;" and although the threat of Time punishing the fair one for her cruelty is very common, yet the introduction of this personage in the last line is certainly very uncommon:

Ah, Celia, what a strange mistake,
To ruin thus for ruin's sake;
Thus to delude us, in distress,
And quit the prize you should possess.

Years may advance with silent pace,
And rob that form of ev'ry grace;
And all your conquests be repaid
By—Teague O'Murphy, and his spade.

In many passages he evinces a capacity for the pathetick; but in general passes rapidly to other sensations. The following lines are not unlike some written by Cowper on seeing a favourite grove of trees cut down:

Inspir'd at the sound, while the *name* she repeats,
Wild fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—
At sweet recollection of juvenile dreams,
In the groves and the forests that skirted his streams!
How often with rapture those streams were survey'd,
When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade!
How often the bard and the peasant shall mourn
Ere those groves shall revive, and those shades shall return!

And again, with a happy allusion to one of the emblems of Time:

But days such as these were too happy to last;
The *sand of felicity settled too fast!*

The lines to his dog are an affectionate recollection of that faithful animal, and all who read them will remember the days of their boyhood.

How oft in the year shall I visit your grave,
Amid the lone forest that shadows the wave!
How often lament, when the day's at its close,
That a mile from my cot is your place of repose!

Ah here (I will say) in this path he has run;
And there stands a tree where a squirrel
he won;
And here, in this spot where the willow
trees grow,
He dragg'd out a rabbit that lurk'd in the
snow.

Speaking of the battle of Eutaw springs, his language is both pathetick and forcible, and the epitaph on those who were slain in the action, is, at once, beautifully simple and comprehensive:

Ah! had our friends that led the fray
Surviv'd the ruins of that day,
We should not mix our joy with pain,
Nor, sympathizing, now complain.

Strange! that of those who nobly dare
Death always claims so large a share!
That those of virtue most refin'd,
Are soonest to the grave consign'd!

But fame is theirs—and future days
On pillar'd brass shall tell their praise;
Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—
"*These* for their country fought and bled."

Freneau has given several translations and imitations from the Latin and French. The conclusion of the sixteenth ode of the second book of Horace,

On me a poor and small domain,
With something of a poet's vein,
Kind fate bestow'd—*and share of pride*
To spurn a scoundrel from my side,

is extremely indignant, and expresses the very sensations of the Prince of lyrick poets:

—— Mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

The Address to a Jug of Rum is very much in the manner of Swift, who, with all his power of condensing his expression, could not afford us a better example of the *multum in parvo* than the following:

Here only by a cork control'd,
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,
The fist for fighting nothing loth,
The passion which no words can tame,
That bursts, like sulphur, into flame;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute;
Assault that Innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails,
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear!

(*To be continued.*)

THE FINE ARTS.

A gentleman of musical science and taste, and upon whose veracity we can place the utmost reliance, has favoured us with the following very curious particulars of a circumstance to which he himself, as well as many people of the highest respectability, have at various times been a witness:

"It is no less singular than true, that a gentleman of fortune, in the West of England, can actually *sing a duet;* and, what is truly astonishing, he can reserve an octave; ascending in one *clef* and descending in another at the same moment. He sings the treble and bass of Shakspeare's beautiful glee of *Sigh no more Ladies*, in a very correct manner—it must be observed that he does not articulate the words; but at one and the same time produces two distinct sounds, which he can govern at pleasure, and which resemble an Oboe and a Bassoon."

The gentleman can give no explanation of the manner by which he produces two distinct sounds; it was by accident he discovered that he possessed so singular a faculty; it is different from ventriloquism, and he thinks cannot be attained by imitation or any artificial management of the organs of speech.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

A Simple Printing Apparatus.

Travelling comedians in England frequently print their playbills by the following contrivance. The form of letter is placed on a flat support, hav-

ing ledges at each side that rise within about a thirtieth of an inch of the inked surface of the letter. The damped paper is laid upon the letter so disposed, and previously inked, and a roller, covered with woolen cloth, is passed along the ledges over its surface; the use of the ledges is to prevent the roller from rising in too obtuse an angle against the first letters, or going off too abruptly from the last, which would cause the paper to be cut and the impression to be injured at the beginning and end of the sheet. The roller must be passed across the page, for if it moves in the order of the lines, the paper will bag a little between each and the impression will be less neat.

—

Method of ascertaining whether Wines be adulterated with LITHARGE.

The method most in use for discovering the very injurious mixture of Litharge with wine, is by pouring into it some pure sulphurick acid, which causes a white precipitate to fall to the bottom of the vessel.

But this is not so accurate a test of lead as water charged with sulphurated hydrogen, which is thus prepared: put into a phial a paste of sulphur and iron filings, pour on it a little sulphurick acid and pass the gas produced into a flask of water by a bent tube. This water poured on wine mixed with Litharge renders it black and flakey, and produces an abundant precipitate, which soon falls to the bottom of the vessel.

For The Port Folio

CRITICISM.

An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

GRAY.

O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain.

EARL OF CARLISLE.

4. The succeeding stanza, though one of those that will most delight every reader, has not the merit of originality. The great prototype of this delightful picture is well known to be Virgil's. Thomson has copied it twice, but each time with less servility than Gray. In his description of *the life led by primæval ages*, the *first*, the *envied kiss*, has suggested to the *druid* of the *seasons*, the exquisite picture, or rather much more than picture:

— The *little strong* embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul;

and, in *The Man lost in the Snow*, the children that *look out at the door* may be compared with those, in the elegy, that *run to lisp their sire's return*. The *blazing hearth* is in both. In Thomson it is more interesting, only from the circumstance that the *snow* lies without. In this place we may remark that Mr. Southey, in his translation of the Georgicks, has called the *first* kiss, the *foremost*. This should, by all means, be altered. *Foremost kiss* is ridiculous. *First* is a general phrase; *foremost* is *specifick*, and the species is inapplicable here. *Foremost* signifies *first* with respect to *place*; *first* refers both to *time* and *place*.

5. Is it defensible, that in the stanza which follows, the poet has used *furrow* for *plough* or *ploughshare*?

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a field!
How bow'd the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!

The parody of this stanza, observes Mr. Wakefield, is very diverting:

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls;
Oft have benches bow'd beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks, when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

6.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th'inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

For you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells with notes of praise.

Mr. Wakefield remarks that "these two verses are a specimen of sublimity of the purest kind, like the simple grandeur of Hebrew poetry; depending solely on the *thought*, unassisted by epithets and the artificial decorations of expression."

The authour of the Pursuits of Literature, amid his ridicule of the numerous Greek translations of the Elegy, selects, with strong expressions of esteem, that of Mr. William Cook, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge, of which he says, "I must own that, in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook, seem to contend for the mastery; but, above all, in that famous stanza, *the paths of glory*, &c. Bion or Moschus never exceeded these lines. I think they never equalled them:

Α χαρις ευγενεων, χαρις η βασιλειδος αρχας,
Δωρα τυχας, χρυσᾶς Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα,
Παντ' ἀμα ταυτα τεθνακε, και ηνθεν μοιρσιμον ἀμαρ,
Ηρωων κλε' ολωλε, και ωχετο ξυνον ἐς Αδαν.

To return to Mr. Wakefield. Of the second stanza, he tells us, "I cannot help thinking that the construction is too long suspended in this place, and the connexion between this exquisite stanza and the verb somewhat too remote and indistinct. I endeavoured to avoid this want of perspicuity in my translation:

Non artes pressere malæ luctamina veri
Conscia; non castam de didicere genam,
Nec sacra luxuriæ tulerunt, ad divitis aræ
Indociles musæ thura cremare focos."

7. Though the language and versification of the succeeding stanza, *Can storied urn*, be admirable, the sentiment is commonplace; but, far, very far from this are the thoughts that follow:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Big with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Here, the pomp and splendour of diction, and harmony of verse, are employed to support a great philosophical truth, the equal distribution of talents and virtues among mankind. We must be careful, however, not to represent the poet as teaching that *all* men have equal talents and virtues. What he asserts is, that they equally belong to men of *all* classes; which classes are the production of wealth on the one hand, and *penury* on the other.

The illustration, which commences with two similes, has always ranked among the most favourite passages of the Elegy:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene—

Mr. Wakefield remarks, "There is no superfluity of words, in order to eke out a sentence, and to supply the rhyme; but a most happy description of the *mild radiance* of the *pearl*, that *gem* which the *ocean bears*, or produces."

Mr. W. may be in the right; but we think the language equally proper, if by *ray serene* be meant the *brightness* and *clear water* of the *diamond*, which, the poet may mean to say, is *contained*, as well in the dark *unfathomed* caves of ocean, as in the more accessible parts of the earth. The *flower*, *born to blush* unseen, has been traced in Young's *Universal Passion*:

——— Such blessings Nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoys but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes *unseen*,
She rears her *flow'rs*, and decks her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lovely desert trace,
And *waste* their musick on the savage race.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. IV.

"——— Longoque per æra tractu
Fertur"———. OVID.

My journey was a long one, but it was soon completed. Arrived in Saturn, I was immediately conducted to the prime ruler of that portion of the planet, upon which I alighted. His Majesty graciously ordered me an attendant from among his wisest counsellers, and directed him to do the honours of the planet.

The first remark I made was, that all the inhabitants were blind. They have no eyes, but possess an acuteness of perception, which more than counterbalances this deficiency,* and has enabled them to discover that they have no souls. They did not even suspect their existence, until a man from the Moon was once bold enough to assert the opinion; it was accordingly examined into by the wisest of the Saturnians; they have concluded the investigation, and most perfectly established the falsity of the opinion. In consequence of this, all their actions are calculated with a reference to a temporal state, and that of very short duration, for the longest lives in Saturn do not endure more than twenty years; at eighteen, man is in his dotage. When my conductor was informed that I possessed the faculty of vision, and had attained my thirtieth year, and that I believed myself to possess a soul, he was thunderstruck.† He regarded me as a man void of all understanding, and told me, contemptuously, that I had left my wits in the Moon. The more I contended for my position, the more ridicule I incurred, and he considered me a knave and a fool. I of course relinquished my visionary attempt; upon which he assured me that he could demonstrate to my entire satisfaction the absolute impossibility of the existence of Solar rays, the faculty of vision, or the existence of a soul, and really such were his arguments that they might have convinced a less obstinate disputant, but my prejudices were too strong to be overturned by his Logick, and I was forced to pass for an incurable lunatick.‡

As it is considered of the utmost importance by King Narcotos, that every human being should adopt a certain creed, I was informed that only two days were granted me, to consider it, and that, unless within that time, I renounced all the opinions and errours, which I had advanced, I must depart from Saturn, never to return. I strove very hard to force my prejudices on this occasion, as Saturn offered so many novelties, which, to me, were highly interesting, but, at the expiration of the time, my doubts were perceived, and I was compelled to confess them. I was consequently

* Let it not be imagined that the want of sight deprives the Saturnians of any of the advantages of locomotion, or that it exposes them to the inconveniences which would accrue to those accustomed to its use, if deprived of sight. All their other senses are rendered wonderfully acute by the want of this. Physiologists prove this fact, by instances in which blind persons are enabled to distinguish colours.—A.

† It is absolutely impossible for those born blind to form any idea of light and colour. "Nil in intellectu," say the schoolmen, "quod non prius insensu." A philosopher once laboured very hard, to convey to the mind of a man born blind, an idea of colour. The pupil at length imagined that he had performed his task, and declared that he thought he could describe the colour of scarlet. He attempted it by comparing it to the sound of a trumpet! *Vide* Locke. A.

‡ Compare with French Philosophy.—A.

banished, lest my heretical opinions should contaminate the faith of the Saturnians.

The essential doctrines of his Majesty's creed, are, "That Saturn has existed from all eternity; that it is the centre of all possible perfections, and that mind exists only in its inhabitants, the tenants of other planets being of a very inferiour grade in the scale of existence, and possessing less mind than the very brutes of Saturn. The reason why evil, in a limited degree, is permitted in this planet, is the refusal of some daring spirits to acknowledge this doctrine; if it were universal, all would be happy in this life, and sleep forever after in calm composure.§

Wars are unceasing in Saturn; they arise from the purest motive that can actuate the mind—the determination to make all men happy by forcing them to adopt the creed of the most potent Narcotos.‖ Rebellions, however, frequently arise; they are all attributed to the improper influence of a malignant spirit from the Moon, which, from time to time, excites doubts among the Saturnians. In these wars, many engines of destruction are used, unrivalled in the histories of terrestrian warfare; compared with these, the mountains hurled against the giants, were but popguns. Were I to introduce them into our globe, philosophers would cease to inquire into the nature and composition of the celebrated Greek Fire of antiquity ¶ But let Saturnian arms, wield Saturnian weapons! Far be it from me to assist in the inhuman task of depopulating nations.*

Love and friendship are unknown in Saturn, for as men always act for the good of their fellow creatures, and never from a principle of self-love, it follows that there can be no preference for particular individuals, all being alike dear one to another. Marriage of course is never practised, and is entirely unnecessary. Love is not a Saturnian passion. The continuance of the species is effected without the restraints of matrimony. Many and great are the advantages resulting from these regulations. Parentage is never inquired into, and family pride can have no place in the breasts of those who know not who their parents may be. Absolute equality of rights and liberties, is also produced. Liberty and equality are often spoken of on the earth, as a desirable state of things; perhaps the speediest method of producing it would be to follow the example of the Saturnians, by annulling such marriages as already exist, and by preventing all future matrimonial connexions. Let Hymen among us, yield his torch, and humbly bow to Cytherea and her son! †

As soon as the infant leaves the breast, and this is immediately after the first breakfast, it is left to the maternal attentions of Nature. As a fostermother, she is not always very tender, and many of her nurslings perish. This, together with unceasing wars, keep the planet from being overstocked with inhabitants. The survivers are a hardy race, and live for eighteen or twenty years, the

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§ Some modern philosophers hold a similar faith.—A.

‖ Such have been the generous intentions of certain religious sectarists.—A.

¶ This singular substance has excited, for ages, the attention of the learned; and its composition still remains a mystery. It is supposed to have been invented by Callinicius, an engineer of Heriopolis, in Syria, in Anno Dom. 660. It was used by the Greeks commanded by Pigonates, in a sea-fight against the Saracens, near Cyzicus, in the Hellespont. It is a liquid, pursuing with great velocity the same direction which it at first receives: water does not quench it; sand checks its progress, but vinegar alone can extinguish it. Pigonates destroyed the enemy's fleet, and thirty thousand men. It was afterwards used at the sieges of Acre and Constantinople. *Vide* Henry's History of Great Britain.—A.

* A wonderful plan for the destruction of navies, has lately been invented, and but for the known secrecy and humanity of my friend, I should have supposed the torpedo to have originated in Saturn.—A.

† *Vide* Godwin, *passim*.

boundary affixed by Nature, beyond which they deem it impossible to exist.‡

The female sex although very beautiful are remarkably different in figure and appearance from the male. As I am not an anatomist, I cannot accurately state in what this difference of structure consists, but the space between the neck and lower extremities, forms but about one twentieth part of the height of the subject. The arms are of a different colour from the rest of the body, being variegated like marble, with blue and purple. The ladies, contrary to the order of Nature in other planets, are much more hardy than the men. Cold has no ill effect upon them, nor are they at all solicitous to defend themselves from its influence. They go almost naked in the severest weather, although Saturn is by far the coldest of the planets, being 907.956.150 English miles from the Sun, nearly ten times as distant as the earth.

I was unhappy in being forced to leave Saturn before I had satisfied my curiosity, by inquiring into its history. Philosophers may perhaps censure me for not deciding the long disputed question of its diurnal rotation; but my heresies could not be pardoned, and I was driven away!

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith

(Continued from Page 248.)

"——Follow me no more;"
For Care by right, should go before.
GAY'S FABLES.

Care and Caution appear to be the two faithful guides appointed for us, by Providence, in the journey of life; and one would think that they came sufficiently recommended by the law of Nature called "Self-Preservation" to be received and entertained with respect: but the fact is otherwise; for they are too frequently treated like strangers, or unwelcome guests. How often does Care show us the road, and Caution bid us take notice in vain? yet they are not very troublesome; and so grateful even for the attention of a moment, that they frequently repay it with the happiness of hours, and sometimes of years. When Care is utterly rejected and insulted, he forsakes not his companion Man; the only difference is, that he follows him and the staff with which he used to explore the way before the traveller, becomes a goad, with which he never fails to prick and torture the wanderer from truth and virtue; he watches constantly his deviations, and ceases not to plague him with the stings and scourges of disappointment and vexation, till he allows him again to go before, and submit to his direction.

Indolence, Inattention, and Inadvertence, are the sister mischiefs of human life. One of them pulls us gently to her couch of soft repose; the other allures us with the most pleasing and fascinating objects; and the third throws her veil before the glass of futurity, and usurps, with sweet dominion, the present moment. Yet these ladies, like other wantons, only smile to betray; their caresses are poison, and their attractions fatal. How often does Indolence cause us to reject all the advances of Fortune? How often does Inattention lead us from our immediate interests; and Inadvertence occasions us to run headlong into danger?

If a man would regulate his conduct in life, by just principles and the wisdom of experience, he would be much happier than he is; he may, whenever he chooses, open a volume of causes and consequences in the history of mankind, nearly similar, and varying only in names and dates; he will find riches the effect of industry, poverty of indolence, contentment of virtue, and a troubled mind of guilt and injustice, in every country and in every age.

‡ Certain Naturalists have attributed the slow increase in Savage nations, to the rude treatment their infants receive; those who have hardihood enough to bear it, continue robust and healthy, but those of weaker frame perish.—A.

But there are lesser points of prudence very material to the happiness of man; and which, if omitted, lead to great mischiefs and inconveniencies: for, as a slight complaint of the human frame, neglected, grows into an incurable disease, so does carelesness, in our every-day concerns, arrive at last to a mass of difficulties not easily removed. What is called "want of thought" creates one half of our most serious cares; the very words "I did not think" imply that thinking would have been of service. It is a mistaken notion, that there are any in the world who have nothing to do, though there are a great many who do nothing. The truth is, that *every man* should, in a certain degree, be a man of business; he should keep a day-book, an account between Time creditor and Time debtor, that he may be able to know whether he is getting forward in wisdom and virtue, or is become bankrupt in both.

It is a considerable advantage to a man who is to live in the busy world, to have an arithmetical head, to be able to calculate the odds and chances of fortune; such a man is generally extremely correct in all he does: the rule of addition teaches him the progress of industry, subtraction the effects of extravagance, and multiplication the value of time.

The ill effects of carelesness may be noticed in the most common occurrences of life, from the servant maid neglecting to mend her stockings, to the merchant letting his books get behind; and a lesson of the advantages of care and order may be taken from the grocer, who never takes down his cannister of hyson till he has put up that of bohea. It is astonishing how small a portion of care will sometimes prevent the greatest difficulties. But a man, to act carefully and consistently, should be perfectly sober, which is very seldom the case in this climate; for there are other drunkennesses more fatal than even that of liquor: there is the drunkenness of pride and pleasure, which fills our head with a continual vapour, and the very worst of intoxication, that lasts till the cooling draught of disappointment and necessity sobers us again. It is Pride and Pleasure that put us above little concerns, and occasion us to treat our best friends, Care and Caution, with contempt; disdaining all control, and disclaiming all prudence, as fit only for common minds. Thus the youth of the present day drives along the road of Dissipation with an ease and indifference that astonishes those who can read the writing on the finger-post that points out the end of his career—WANT AND MISFORTUNE.

There is left for our contemplation a still more thoughtless, though not so bad a character as the last; and that is, the man whose mind is inundated with ideas, with good sense and nonsense, business and pleasure; who is always about something, yet doing nothing; always going out, and yet might as well stay at home: who is always in the wrong place, and always just too late. Such a one was Dick Scamper: Dick was one of the most pleasant fellows living, full of wit and anecdote; but he was a performer on the stage of the world who never attended rehearsals, and was never perfect in his part; his vices were the mere effects of chance, and his virtues the impulse of the moment. Dick had not any one established principle but good humour; and with the help of that he got out of his scrapes, or did not care a fig about them. Dick was always in haste when there was no necessity for it, and obstinately deliberate when prompitude only was required; he was constantly *remembering* that he had forgotten; innumerable were the difficulties that he created for himself, and the mistakes that he made every day, from forgetfulness. Dick has an appointment in the City; goes to the Jerusalem Coffeehouse to meet a Gentleman who was to be at Lloyd's; sends an apology, with an appointment to meet the next day at the Jerusalem, and attends very punctually at Lloyd's. Dick orders his man to be with his horse at Mile End Turnpike, exactly at four o'clock; quite forgets it, takes

the stage, discovers his mistake just as he gets a mile beyond Stratford, stops the coach, gets out, and walks all the way to town; finds his man waiting in the cold with his horse, mounts it, and rides home as if nothing had happened. Thieves are heard in his house; he gets up, dresses himself completely in his shooting jacket, and very leisurely walks down with his double-barrelled pistol to shoot them, just as they have made off with whatever of his property they could lay their hands on. Dick is in dreadful anxiety how to make up a large bill which he expects to become due the next day; runs all over the City; with great difficulty raises the amount; is quite delighted; the bill is not presented; wonders very much; runs away to the indorser's and to the banker's; finds to his astonishment that it has a month longer to run: is heartily *vexed* at being so *lucky*. Dick is told that there is some news; is frantick to hear it, puts on his servant's laced cocked hat, by mistake, instead of his own, and sallies into the street; boys takes him for the beadle of the parish, and run away from their marbles; takes no notice of them, walks into a coffee-house, sits down; is reproved by the waiter, who tells him, that it is not decent for livery servants to sit down among gentlemen; stares with astonishment; begins wondering; has half a mind to be in a passion; pulls of his hat to wipe his face, finds it laced, sneaks away, and sets off as hard as he can: falls in with the boys again, who run before him all the way he goes.

Dick loses his pocket book with several bank notes; runs about to all the bill-printers and bill-stickers, newspaper offices and criers in town; don't hear any thing of it for a week; a fine day, puts on his green coat, puts his hand in the pocket, discovers his pocket book; "Well! who would have thought it?" runs immediately with an advertisement for all the papers, stating, that the Publick need not give themselves any more trouble about his pocket book, as it was found; don't know what to do with the money he had offered for a reward; gives it to an old maimed sailor. Dick stops one day to read at a book-stall, is very much entertained with an odd volume; an old friend passing by, Dick claps the book in his pocket and runs after him, while he himself is run after by the bookseller, who calls out "Stop thief!" a mob is presently collected, and poor Dick, in spite of his protestations, hurried away to Bow-street; meets in his way another friend, a man of high rank, catches hold of him by the coat: "My dear Lord! if ever I had occasion for a great man, it is now. Do you know, I am taken up for stealing an odd volume of Peregrine Pickle, though you know I have a set of the best edition at home. The Nobleman; who happened to know the eccentricities of his friend, and the harmlessness of his character, accompanies him to the office, and speaks in his favour to the Magistrates, who ask his name. The fact, however, is proved, and the book produced, and handed up to the Justice, who very gravely admonishes him for his fault, and inquires how he could have the audacity to write his name on the titlepage; Dick is still more amazed, asks to look at it; finds his own crest inside the cover, and the book to be one of his own set; abuses the bookseller, who now runs off in his turn, leaving Dick in quiet possession of his *odd* volume of Peregrine Pickle; Dick laughs, puts the book in his pocket, and is very glad to come off so well.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Some time since we published on the covers of this Journal, Mr. Bradford's proposals for publishing by subscription, in imperial quarto, a national and magnificent work, entitled *American Ornithology*, or the History of the Birds of the United States, by Alexander Wilson. We inserted with great cheerfulness the authour's prospectus; and we think that his work will deserve the liberal encouragement, not merely of men of science, but of the general reader. A work of this nature, executed by a man of genius, a skilful draughtsman, a lover of nature, simplicity, and the Muse, cannot be without peculiar attractions. Every polite scholar must remember with delight, the wonderful interest which the fascinating

GOLDSMITH has given to this pleasing portion of science, in a work which we peruse with emotions not less pleasurable than when we are engaged in the most agreeable of romances. Moreover, when the physiognomy and plumage of the feathered creation are not only scientifically, but graphically described, the value of the performance and the delight of the reader are doubled. Every number of this Natural History will contain the figures of ten birds, engraved and *coloured* from original drawings, taken from nature. As a specimen of these engravings is deposited for the satisfaction of the curious, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, we have had an opportunity of carefully examining the merit of the execution, and can bear willing testimony to the accuracy, spirit, and beauty of these interesting representations.

They are engraved, in his best manner, by Lawson, an artist of superiour talents. Having thus recommended Mr. Wilson, to the favourable regard of the Publick; we will now leave him to make his introductory bow.

INTRODUCTION.

In the commencement of a work of such magnitude, and so novel in this country, some account will necessarily be expected, of the motives of the authour, and of the nature and intended execution of the work. As to the former of these, it is respectfully submitted, that—Amusement blended with instruction, the correction of numerous errours which have been introduced into this part of the Natural History of our country, and a wish to draw the attention of my fellow-citizens, occasionally, from the discordant jarrings of politicks, to a contemplation of the grandeur, harmony, and wonderful variety of Nature, exhibited in this beautiful portion of the animal creation—are my principal, and almost only motives, in the present undertaking. I will not deny that there may also be other incitements. Biassed, almost from infancy, by a fondness for birds, and little less than an enthusiast in my researches after them, I feel happy to communicate my observations to others, probably from the mere principle of self-gratification, that source of so many, even of our most virtuous actions; but I candidly declare, that *lucrative* motives have nothing to do in the business; they never were sufficient to allure me to a single excursion—to discourage me from one—or to engage my pen or pencil in the present publication, My hopes on this head, are humble enough—I ask only support equal to my merits, and to the laudability of my intentions—I expect no more—I am not altogether certain even of this. But leaving the issue of these matters to futurity, I shall, in the meantime, comfort myself with the good old adage—"Happy are they who expect *nothing*, for they shall not be disappointed."

As to the nature of the work, it is intended to comprehend a description, and representation of every species of our native birds, from the shores of St. Lawrence, to the mouths of the Mississippi, and from the Atlantick ocean to the interiour of Louisiana: these will be engraved in a style superiour to any thing of the kind hitherto published, and coloured from nature, with the most scrupulous adherence to the true tints of the original.

The bare account of scientifick names, colour of bills, claws, feathers, &c. would form but a dry detail; neither in a publication of the present kind, where every species is faithfully figured and coloured, is a long and minute description of the form, and colours, absolutely necessary—This would, in the opinion of some, be like introducing a gentleman to company, with—"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. ——, has on a blue coat—white pantaloons—hussar boots," &c. &c. while a single glance of the eye, over the person himself, told us all this before the oratour had time to open his mouth; so infinitely more rapidly do ideas reach us through the medium of the eye, than by that of the ear. But as time may prey on the best of colours, what is necessary in this respect will by no means be omitted, that both the figures and descriptions may mutually corroborate each other. It is also my design, to enter more largely than usual into the manners and disposition of each respective species; to become, as it were, their faithful biographer, and to delineate their various peculiarities, in charac-

ter, song, building, economy, &c. as far as my own observations have extended, or the kindness of others may furnish me with materials.

The ORNITHOLOGY of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours, from the green silky gold-bespangled down of the minute Humming Bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black coppery wings of the gloomy Condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions—A numerous and powerful band of songsters, that for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth—An everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable seasons, food, and climate; and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator!

In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visits to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language and faces of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us:—now, we find ourselves among interesting and well known neighbours and acquaintance; and, in the notes of every songster, recognize with satisfaction, the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the *Great First Cause*, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational beings, and doubtless agreeable to the Deity.

In order to obtain a more perfect knowledge of Birds, naturalists have divided them into Classes, Orders, Genera, Species, and Varieties; but in doing this, scarce two have agreed on the same mode of arrangement; and this has indeed, proved a source of great perplexity to the student. Some have increased the number of Orders to an unnecessary extent, multiplied the Genera, and out of mere Varieties, produced what they supposed to be entire new Species. Others sensible of the impropriety of this, and wishing to simplify the science, as much as possible, have reduced the Order and Genera to a few, and have thus thrown Birds whose food, habits, and other characteristical features are widely different, into one and the same tribe, and thereby confounded our perception of that beautiful gradation of affinity and resemblance, which Nature herself seems to have been studious of preserving throughout the whole. One principal cause of the great diversty of classifications, appears to me to be owing to the neglect or want of opportunity in these writers, of observing the manners of the living Birds, in their unconfined state, and in their native countries. As well might philosophers attempt to class mankind into their respective *rrligious* denominations, by a mere examination of their physiognomy, as naturalists to form a correct arrangement of animals, without a knowledge of these necessary particulars.

It is only by personal intimacy, that we can truly ascertain the character of either, more particularly that of the feathered race; noting their particular haunts, modes of constructing their nests, manner of flight, seasons of migration, favourite food, and numberless other minutiæ, which can only be obtained by frequent excursions in the woods and fields, along lakes, shores, and rivers, and requires a degree of patience and perseverance, which nothing but an enthusiastick fondness for the pursuit can inspire.

Of the numerous systems which have been adopted by different writers, that published by Dr. Latham, in his "Index Ornithologicus," and "General Synopsis of Birds," seems the least subject to the objec-

tions abovementioned; and, as in particularizing the Order, Genus, &c. to which each bird belongs, this system with some necessary exceptions, has been *generally* followed in the present work, it is judged proper to introduce it here, for the information, and occasional consultation, of the reader.

TABLE.

Of the Orders and Genera of Birds, according to Latham.

Ind. Orn.	*Syn. of Birds.*
AVIUM ORDINES.	ORDER OF BIRDS.
DIV. I.	DIV. I.
I. *Accipitres*	Rapacious
II. *Picæ*	Pies
III. *Passeres*	Passerine
IV. *Columbæ*	Columbine
V. *Gallinæ*	Gallinæ
VI. *Struthiones*	Struthious
DIV. II.	DIV. II.
VII. *Grallæ*	Waders
VIII. *Pinnatipedes*	Pinnated feet
IX. *Palmipedes*	Web-footed.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

REASONABLE AVERSION.

"Friend Carnaby! your mother is impatient for your appearance at the bar as a counseller—"

"To tell you a secret," said Carnaby, "I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner."

"What reason can you have for so strong an aversion?

"What reason! what reason!" repeated Carnaby, "a very good, a very solid reason."

"Clearly, as it has so much weight with you, but after all on what is it founded?"

"On what is it founded?" exclaimed Carnaby, "why, on those cursed eternal periwigs, which counsellers are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth, could prevail on me to make myself look so like a grig; and, if I were willing, I don't believe my head could support one of those hideous periwigs for an hour together."

"You think then to be a lawyer, it is necessary to have a very strong head."

"Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d——d periwigs is insurmountable."

"That is unlucky," said Edward, "considering what lady M—— has in view for you. For if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counseller, how could you support that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?"

"They shall doom my head to the block sooner," replied Carnaby.

"Only imagine, to be awfully seated on a woolpack during a whole session of Parliament!

"Dreadful!" cried Carnaby.

"Sessions, after sessions!"

"Shocking! shocking!" exclaimed Carnaby, "not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-hall," said Edward.

"Name it not," cried Carnaby.

"There obliged to remain," continued Edward, "from winter to midsummer, in sight of *all manner of persons*, hearing examinations, and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair."

"Fogh! fogh!" cried Carnaby.

"He is always choaked with the bare idea."

"Eh gad! and so I am," resumed Carnaby; and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave."

"But I think," resumed Edward, "you ought to make an *effort* to please your mother, by appearing for once at least, in the wig of a counseller."

"Curse efforts," cried Carnaby; I always detested them, and never could make one in my life."

"Forgive me," said Edward, "I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which I was witness to your making of your own accord."

"I do not know what you mean," said Carnaby.

"Do you remember," resumed Edward "my calling one morning, at your chambers, when I found you struggling with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasson.—In that occasion, you showed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions. The most pains-taking man on earth, could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family, than you did to carry your point on that occasion."

"Yes," replied Carnaby, "but that was a different affair."

"It must be confessed, that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another: for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives."

"What I meant to say," replied Carnaby, is, "that studying the law is a bore, and disturbs one's head; whereas,"—

"Tight breeches," said Edward, "pinch elsewhere."

"I remember, however," said Carnaby, "that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

"Like Macbeth, you recollected," said Edward, "that

———should you wade no more,
Returning was as tedious as go o'er."

Dr. Moore.

—

Pedestrian Wager.—Yesterday a gentleman undertook, for a rump and dozen, to walk from the Military Asylum, Chelsea, to the eight mile stone on the Harrow road, within one hour and twenty minutes. He accordingly started at eight in the morning, and walked to Wesborn Green, near Paddington, where he laid his hand on the milestone, and won the wager within fifteen minutes of the time allowed. The loser supposed, when he made the bet, that the milestones counted from London as they do upon most of the roads, but the one mile stone stands at Harrow, and the 9th at Paddington. Several good bets were also depending.—*London Paper.*

—

An English writer thus contrasts our conduct with that of his countrymen on a very memorable occasion.

While we applaud the promptitude of the House of Lords in passing the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, we cannot avoid contrasting it with the tardy progress of *the Americans*. In South Carolina the proposed abolition has been negatived, and in other quarters it is doubtful whether it may not experience the same fate.

—

Capt. Morris, describing a drinking bout in one of his licentious songs, has introduced a curious stanza:

Bacchus sat as President o'er table talk and topery,
And sober Sadness never dar'd a moment's interlopery,
Mirth and Frolick floated round on surfaces nectareous,
And Beauty gave a stimulus to tipple jocularious.

—

Give a courtesan, says a quaint writer, a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and she will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by her own industry.

—

In some part of the highly instructive and amusing works of BEATTIE, that amiable and agreeable writer thus charmingly describes the different impressions made by the same objects upon minds of a different texture.

A melancholy man, walking in a grove, attends to those things that suit and encourage his melancholy; the sighing of the wind in the trees, the murmuring of waters, the darkness and solitude of the shades. A cheerful man in the same place finds many

subjects of cheerful meditation, in the singing of birds, the brisk motions of the babbling stream, and the liveliness and variety of the verdure. Persons of different characters, contemplating the same thing, a Roman triumph, for instance, feel different emotions and turn their views to different objects. One is filled with wonder at such a display of wealth and power; another exults in the idea of conquest, and pants for military renown; a third, stunned with clamour, and harassed with confusion, wishes for silence, security, and solitude; one melts with pity to the vanquished, and makes many a sad reflection upon the insignificance of worldly grandeur and the uncertainty of human things; while the buffoon, and perhaps the philosopher, considers the whole as a vain peice of pageantry, which, by its solemn procedure, and by the admiration of so many people, is only rendered the more ridiculous.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

PARODY.

The State-House clock proclaims the midnight hour,
The cautious cit slow turns the street-door key,
The draggled wantons up the alley scour,
And leave the street to darkness and to me.

The twinkling lamp now sheds a twilight ray,
And Silence triumphs over day's rude din,
Save where the stageman wends his clattering way,
And shrill tin trumpet wakes the drowsy inn.

Save where yon negress, selling pepperpot,
To surly watchmen clamouring loud complains,
Of wicked trull, who would not "pay her shot,"
But sneak'd away through dark and winding lanes.

Beneath yon paltry roof, that narrow shed,
Where Jacobins their nightly vigils keep,
Are wretches met, from Justice who have fled,
Their consciences in Lethe (grog) to steep.

No low intrigues for offices of state,
No daring falsehoods utter'd every hour,
No puffs of hirelings, nor no club's debate
Shall ever raise *these* convicts into power.

For them 'tis vain while freedom's flame shall burn,
To think the people's confidence to share;
E'en should they to their native soil return,
Their own dear countrymen would hang them there.

Oft to their subtlety did patriots yield,
Their slander many an honest heart hath broke,
Insidious lies the weapons which they wield,
Of which not Washington escap'd the stroke.

Let not ambition mock their grub-like toil,
Their creeping cunning, dirty arts obscure,
Nor Irish rebel, with disdainful smile,
Declare such poltrons he cannot endure.

The splendid villain, and the knave in power,
And him whose conquests swell the trump of fame,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
When all mankind shall execrate their name.

Let not John Bull the poet stigmatize,
That Justice does not all these felons reach,
Nor pamphlet-pedler through each alley cries,
C——— last words, and D——— dying speech.

Can one poor rhymer, nay, can all the Nine,
A host of vagrant Jacobins withstand,
Can it be possible, with powers like mine,
'Gainst Europe's scum to barricade the land.

Beneath yon roof perhaps is now conceal'd
Some black heart pregnant with infernal fire,
Hands that the sword of Bonapart' might wield.
Or cities burn in bacchanalian ire.

Ne'er did Ambition to their eyes her page,
Rich with the spoils of ravag'd realms, unfold,
Chill penury repress'd the ruthless rage,
And tamed the fury of a Nero's soul.

Full many a rascal, ripe for bloody scenes,
Crowns rape with murder at a country fair,
Full many a rogue robs orphans in their teens,
While politicians hush the black affair.

Some E——, R—— may be there incog,
His price for treason ready to declare;
Some young M'F—— who ne'er stole a hog,
Nor man ne'er murder'd to purloin his mare,

Th' applause of mob-assemblies to command,
To bid the faction all restraint despise,
To scatter falsehoods through a cheated land
And cast a mist before a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor merely circumscrib'd
Their power to lead the populace astray,
Forbade the venal rogues from being brib'd,
Except by whiskey on election day.

Suspicious crowds to fright with phantoms vain,
With Federal chains *Fredonians* meant to bind;
Or like the daring infidel Tom Paine,
To "shut the gates of Heaven on lost mankind."

Content, though far remov'd from publick life,
On gin-shop counter, or on beer-house bench,
To gull the mob, to stir the coals of strife,
To rail at Fed'ralists, and praise the French.

Yet such as these, the dregs of every clime,
Who would disgrace an Abaellino's band,
"The blast of anarchy and taint of crime,"
Rule those who rule Columbia's "lordly land."*

To give their names and characters the Muse
Declares is more than even Apollo can,
But most were litter'd in some foreign stews,
And in some work-house taught the rights of man.

But why to dumb oblivion fal'n a prey,
Should these desert the democratick cause,
When rife example teaches us that they
May triumph over Justice and the laws?

No rogue so noted but he may aspire,
(Treason and murder bring not sure disgrace,)
Like G——n to light rebellion's fire,
And rise, if vile enough, to power and place.

The leader of the Pennsylvania herd,
Whom certain punishment attends, though late,
If, when his wretched carcass is interr'd
Some brother Jacobin inquire his fate.

His friend, who stole certificates, may say,
I've seen him oft, with venom'd quill in hand,
Four columns scrawl of lies, in half a day,
Then circulate the poison through the land.

From where yon shop looks into Market-street,
And brother felons gather round in flocks,
Where Jacobins in Pandemonium meet,
More plagues have flown than from Pandora's box.

Hard by yon steps deserted now with scorn,
Muttering dire oaths, I've seen him shivering stand,
And tell strange tales of Jacobins forlorn,
And courts and laws, those bugbears to our band.

One night I miss'd him at th' accustom'd place,
At Dunn's hotel and alehouse where we meet,
Another came, nor did he show his face,
At alehouse, bookstore, Dunn's, or Market-street.

The next I heard a melancholy tale,
On pure Democracy what foul reproach!
That our great leader had been led to gaol,
For lies and treasons which he dared to broach.

EPITAPH.

Here low he lies who was a pest on earth,
To virtue, honour, and to shame unknown,
Low cunning triumph'd at the ruffian's birth,
And villainy straight mark'd him as her own.

Grown old in fraud, and at no crime dismay'd,
To sophist's head he join'd a felon's heart,
He carried on for years a liar's trade,
And gull'd the people with infernal art.

His wily schemes 'twere useless to disclose,
The knavish tricks on which he placed his hope,
He gain'd at last, what every ready knows
He long had richly merited—a rope.

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* A certain imported editor has declared that Mr. J——n dare as well be d—d as affront him!

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